FROM THE LIFE OF THE CITY

Homes of Rag-Time Are Deserted---A Masterful Surgeon and a Dead Horse.

The downtown beer gardens, the homes of ragtime, are dark. Late last spring they were discouraged by the police, and the approach of warm weather cut their patronage deeply. Though the season of cold is near, there are no signs of renewed activity in these places. Probably their proprietors are interested in the city election. Last winter the gardens were permitted to go as they pleased and they prospered. The word "garden" in this application is bereft of verdure. The places are large rooms filled with rough tables and made attractive by music, principally ragtime music, for it was in them and their annexes that melodic syncopation was started on its mission to sweep the country and to invade the high-class theaters and the homes of the cultured.

Close attendants on the plays presented at English's Opera House last season became impressed with a vague musical murmur that accompanied the speeches on the stage. A few that were led to speculate on this phenomenon were inclined to regard it as a trick of an inventive stage manager, who had so screened off a piano back of the scenery that its sound was muffled to a pleasing undertone. This solution was spoiled at a certain performance of a melodrama by the musical murmur rising during a peculiarly painful scene between the hero and the heroine until the strain of "I Cannot Stand to See My Baby Lose" was distinguishable. Clearly, no stage manager would be guilty of such an artistic discord.

The fact was that the music came from a "garden" in the rear of the theater. The piano's sound was filtered through the alley doors of the garden and the stage door of the theater and reached the audience softened almost to nothing. This garden's cement floor now bears pool tables instead of tables and chairs; the piano that stood on a platform in one corner is gone; the female contingent has disappeared; the atmosphere is no longer agitated by ecstatic ragtime. The last two piano players in this place were without interesting characteristics, one of them being "Ragtime Snow, of Louisville," prominent on Indiana avenue as a champion pianist, but their predecessor was extraordinary. His career in this city was short and full of incident.

This young man came here with his family from a town in Illinois. He wore his hair long and his hat broad. "I came here to study law," he told his first acquaintances, "and I've got my wife and baby in a cottage on the North Side. I play here from 2 o'clock in the afternoon until 11 o'clock at night, and in the morning I go to law school."

For several weeks he kept up his routine of playing ragtime and studying law. When, in the afternoon, there were few in the garden, he played, at request, some of his own compositions, one of them a lullaby. At odd times, for practice, he played from a worn copy of a sacred operetta called "Esther." In time, however, the pianist began to take more interest in the affairs of the garden and to give evidence of appreciation of the admiration of some of the young women that were charmed by his ability. He did not now leave the place immediately after closing and locking his piano at 11 o'clock. A little more and he was gone and a new man was on the piano stool.

The student-pianist next appeared at Stout's garden on West Market street, where an orchestra was employed and where there is room for many tables. He passed between the tables, nodding to his acquaintances and suppoprted by his prestige as a "rag timer." He had quit the law school and was devoting himself entirely to the syncopated life, though he had no work at the piano. Late one night an acquaintance met him south of Washington street and asked him where he was going. "I am going to catch a freight to Chicago," he said. He did not add what had become of his wife and baby.

Stout's place has been one of the noisest and most popular. There is a restaurant in connection, but little is eaten there and at night it is full of men and women drinking. They are served by women, who get their trays equipped at the bar. The waitresses are sorry looking—frowsy, pale and shabbily dressed. They lean on the end of the bar counter and say, "Gimme two beers and a whisky, John," to the bartender. On the bench on the sidewalk sit the male hangers-on, who live by mysterious means, use their own slang speech and roll cigarettes. They might be waiters if the garden were open and the orchestra were sending down strange noises from its roost, where it has been safe from the Nicholson law.

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A farmer driving on Meridian street, his head almost reposing on his knees, was awakened from his reverie by one of his horses collapsing and turning over on its side with a long groan. By the time the farmer had climbed from his seat at least fifteen men had gathered around the prostrate horse. Several employes of a nearby livery stable ran out and joined the circle. Each newcomer asked, "Horse sick?"

The horse had closed its eyes and lay still. Its companion of the team stared moodily at the asphalt pavement. The farmer was assisted in taking the harness from the animal that was down and in leading the other horse and the wagon a short distance away. The farmer was seriously perturbed. "That horse was all right," he said and repeated it.

"Well, it's all off now," said a man in the circle, which constantly increased.

Rain began to fall, but it drove no one of the spectators to shelter. A restless man in the front rank put his hand on the horse's side. "He's cold already," he said, facing the throng. "He's dead." His tone was conclusive, and after his statement he hurried away to another matter, having decided this one. The crowd was impressed and the farmer gave up all hope. "He died quick, didn't he?" said the farmer, trying to smile.

One of the livery stable employes had gone into the stable and had called a veterinary surgeon, who has his office there. At this juncture he returned with the surgeon. The surgeon pushed his way through the circle of men and struck the horse with a whip.

"What's the use to hit him," protested a man close by.

The surgeon gave the speaker a sharp glance, but addressed his reply to the horse. "Get up, get up," he said, wielding his whip smartly. "Get away from the horse's head," he added to a group of men. He struck the horse again and called to it commandingly and the animal rose. The liveryman took the horse by the forelock and led it into the stable, the surgeon trailing.

"Oh, yes, he's dead!" exclaimed the delighted farmer, and the throng scattered. "There's an illustration said one man, "that it's always wise to call in a doctor."

IN THE GOSSIP'S CORNER.

The poet lariat of the battleship Kentucky, now on the China station, sends me his latest effusion, published in "The Open Door," the paper printed by the ship's bluejackets. It is called "The Dyspeptic Cannibal," and is as follows:

A cannibal was seated on a green Pacific isle,
With the temperature at ninety-nine degrees;
His dress was scanty, in a truly savage style—
Just a pair of Boston garters 'round his knees.

But he didn't seem quite happy, for now and then a groan
Escaped which tore his savage breast in two;
And he chatted in a melancholy, meditative tone
The ditty that I now repeat to you:

"I have eaten hostile tribesmen without a single question,
I have feasted on the yellow, black and brown;
But I never have encountered such a fit of indigestion
As accompanied the minister from town.

"I caught this missionary calmly strolling by the main—
Cooked and served him dressed exactly comme il faut;
But a feeling deep within me makes it disagreeably plain
That the missionary surely is de trop.

"I have eaten hostile tribesmen with the greatest of urbanity
I have feasted on the yellow, black and brown;
But to eat a missionary was the acme of insanity,
For you cannot keep a good man down."

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These verses should not be taken as evidence that their author is not capable of making a first-class showing for himself, if the necessity arises, in his chosen profession, for he undoubtedly is more familiar with the big guns than with the pen.

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Miss Bella Bruce, who formerly was a successful teacher in the Indiana Institute for the Blind, and Miss Irene Moses, of No. 1623 North Delaware street, who was graduated from the Manual Training High School in June last, will leave Indianapolis this week for Brooklyn, N. Y., to take a two years' course in the Pratt Institute in that city. The former goes to add a new line to an already fine equipment for service as a teacher and the latter to round out in the more advanced technical school the liberal training secured under the careful direction of Professor Emmerich, who is every year giving greater impetus toward practical work to the minds of the hundreds of students in his charge.

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And so poor Jim Howard must languish another three months or more in the noisome Frankfort jail because some Goebelite official neglected to spread the mandate of the Kentucky Court of Appeals ordering a retrial on the minutes of the court of injustice presided over by Mr. Cantrill. The neglect is tantamount to a refusal, and is a part of the plan by which the Kentucky Jeffrey hopes to keep favor with the Blackburn-Beckham crowd until he can secure his election to the United States Senate to succeed Mr. Deboe. To still further advance his senatorial ambitions, Cantrill appears before the Democratic state executive committee and informs its members that the plan for a state Senatorial primary, urged by two-thirds of the Democrats of Kentucky and demanded by four-fifths of the Democratic press, is impracticable, whereupon the committee decides that no primary shall be held. Also, too, he declaims tearfully against the crime which struck down the Nation's chief at Buffalo; says it is right that the people should pray for his recovery, and then declares solemnly that when "the martyred Goebel was felled by the assassin there were no public prayers for his recovery; but if there were prayers, they were secret prayers that he might die." Out upon such bathos!

No stainless seat of justice his—
No spotless ermine wraps his flaccid form,
But foul corruption speeds its argosies
To do the country and the people harm.
No high ambition sways judicial mind,
But greed for power warps judicial sight;
For lo! the judge, and not Justice, blind
Works grave oppression with judicial might.

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The death of Josiah Gwin, the veteran New Albany editor, removes a personality standing alone in the public life of Indiana. The bitterest of Democratic partisans, and with his mind, in some of its aspects, warped by political fallacies of past generations, he was nevertheless of such sterling honesty that he was ever ready to fight even for what he thought to be wrong if the people, by their mandate at the polls, had declared it to be the rule for their governance. None was so swift or so vigorous as he in the denunciation of Democratic corruption in Floyd county and New Albany, and Democratic slanders of competent Republican officials, notably of Governor Durbin and the late Governor Mount, were repeatedly and earnestly rebuked by him. In the Kentucky controversy he took strong grounds against Goebel, saying, in regard to the contest: "So strongly am I certain of the election of Governor Taylor that, if necessary, I will shoulder a musket to see that he holds the seat to which he has been elected." After Goebel was killed he said: "Governor Taylor and the men associated with him are not the kind of men who would enter into such a conspiracy. The killing of Goebel does not alter my belief in the justice of their case an iota."

In his private life he had a strong aesthetic side. I recall the delight he always exhibited in showing his flowers and fruit trees to interested observers, and he possessed a wide knowledge of books and art, both of sculptures and painting. To one who was interested in these things he never tired of talking, and he talked interestingly. The grounds of his beautiful home on the Knobs, back of New Albany, were always open to the public, and from the hill in front of the house the Ohio valley could be seen stretching away for miles to the south. This view was his chief pride, and he always pointed it out to visitors.

THE GOSSIP.

September Days.

The goldenrod is yellow,
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.
The gentian's fringed coat is blue
By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

SUBURBAN SOCIETY NOTES.

Brightwood.

Mr. Lee King is visiting relatives in Elwood.

Mr. F. Pratt is visiting relatives in Bellefontaine, O.

Mr. and Mrs. Cupp have returned to their home in Paris, Ill.

Mrs. Katherine Ferrer is visiting relatives in Kansas City, Mo.

Dr. B. A. Brown has returned from a business trip to St. Louis.

Mrs. E. M. Cutten, of Louisville, Ky., is the guest of Mrs. Bassett.

Mr. Eugene Screes has returned from a visit to relatives in Upton.

Mr. J. Caskey will return to-day from a visit to friends in Cincinnati.

Mrs. P. McKenna and daughter Nora have returned from Goodland.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Emmons are visiting relatives in Fond du Lac, Wis.

Miss Jennie Casey, of Crawfordsville, is the guest of Miss Mamie Riley.

Mr. Charles White has returned from a visit to his parents in Pendleton.

Miss Tella Tremble has returned from a visit to her aunt in McCordsville.

Mrs. J. Dinnell, of Fort Wayne, is the guest of her son, Charles Dinnell.

Miss Emma Shoobridge has returned from a visit to friends in Rushville.

Mrs. George Negley and children, Earl and Martha, have returned from Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. Arval Fred have returned from a visit to relatives in McCordsville.

Miss Alice White will return this week from a visit to freinds and relatives in Moran.

Mrs. Comly and daughter will return to-day from a visit to relatives in Terre Haute.

Mr. Thomas Binkham and son Earl, who have been visiting in St. Louis, Mo., have returned.

Mrs. Woodruff, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Woodruff, has returned to Morristown.

Mrs. Rosalia Hodson, who has been the guest of her grandparents in Kansas City, has returned.

Messrs. T. E. and Fred Davis and Miss Minnie Hopkins are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Hayes.

Miss Emma Odell, of Greencastle, who has been visiting her brother, Dr. Odell, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gallagher and son Arthur, of Terre Haute, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Mescall.

Mrs. George Sears, who has been visiting relatives in Fond du Lac, Wis., and Chicago, has returned home.

Mrs. W. Worley and sons Claude and Clyde, have returned from several weeks' visit with relatives in Ohio.

Mrs. J. W. Burr and daughter Helen, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. James Ferrin, have returned to Terre Haute.

Haughville.

Mr. Owen Wright is visiting friends in Buffalo.

Miss Alice Shaw is visiting relatves in Muncie, Ind.

Mrs. J. W. Whiteman has returned from a visit with friends in Kokomo.

Mrs. Mary Merrill, of Southport, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Fidelia Gregg.

Miss Jeanette Lemen will return to-day from a visit to friends in Seymour.

Miss Ella Dillon has returned to her home in Frankfort after visiting friends here.

Miss Martha Von Berg has returned home from several weeks' visit to Buffalo.

Miss Vere Hayes, of Terre Haute, who was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Huffer, has returned.

Miss Minnie Goodlett will return, this week, after several weeks' stay at Lake Maxinkuckee.

Mrs. John Lovett and daughter Rena, have returned from a month's visit to Traverse City, Mich.

Mrs. Effie McLenan, who was visiting her mother, Mrs. Whiteman, has returned to her home in Chicago.

Miss Ora Kidd and her guest, Miss Cora Morgan, have returned from a visit to friends in New Palestine, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. Low Rice have returned from a visit to the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Waller, near Sheridan, Ind.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the King-avenue M. E. Church met Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. Harmon, on Sheffield avenue.

Irvington.

Miss Edna Gunckle returned on Friday from a summer trip through the East.

Mrs. Layton Allen, with her son Arthur, has returned from a visit in Crawfordsville.

Mrs. M. C. McVey, of Danville, is spending Sunday with Dr. A. N. Towles and family.

Miss Edith Cohee, of Frankfort, Ind., will spend a month with Mrs. Orville Carvin.

Miss Mary Ousler, of Plainfield, Ind., is the guest of Mrs. Dr. Thompson and children.

Miss Annie Rodney went to Brazil, Ind., on Thursday to spend several weeks with friends.

The Rev. R. Scott Hyde will leave Tuesday to attend the annual conference at Bedford.

Miss Anna Moore returned yesterday from the Shades of Death, where she spent the summer.

Miss Jennie Shultz, of Peru, will arrive to-morrow to spend the week with Miss Florence Moore.

Miss Edith Longley and Miss Elizabeth Wink will be the guests of Miss Essie Hunter this week.

Mrs. A. N. Towles and her guest, Miss Molly Frank, of Greencastle, are spending a week at Buffalo.

Miss Kirkland, who has been the guest of Miss Nina Price, left yesterday to visit friends in Pittsboro.

Mr. and Mrs. Amos Butler returned yesterday from a three weeks' trip through Colorado and Mexico.

Miss Margaret Dickey, of South Bend, is the guest of Mrs. John R. Tomlinson on Ritter avenue this week.

Miss Rose Suman, of Crawfordsville, will be the guest of Miss Anna Moore on Washington street next week.

Mrs. J. D. Shipp and son Thomas, of Irvington, have returned from a three weeks' visit in New York.

Dr. E. T. Patterson, of Brookville, will arrive to-morrow to visit Mr. and Mrs. William Dobyns on Ritter avenue.

Miss Edna Junckle has returned from Brooklyn, N. Y., where she has been spending the summer with relatives.

Miss Sada Bowe will sing a solo at the vesper services at the Downey-avenue Christian Church this afternoon.

Miss Mary A. Parker, of Marietta, O., came last night to be the guest of Mrs. C. L. Ritter on Downey avenue for two weeks.

Mrs. Houston Johnson and daughter, who were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Rodney, have returned to their home in Brazil, Ind.

Miss Stella Braden left on Friday for Lewisburg, W. Va., where she will spend the winter as teacher of music in the academy.

Miss Jessamine Armstrong, of Kokomo, arrived on Friday and will spend the winter at the home of Mrs. C. B. Clark on Central avenue.

Mrs. Watts and daughter Inez, of Meridian, Miss., who were the guests of Mrs. C. W. Harvey on Whittier place, returned home yesterday.

Mr. Edgar Forsyth returned on Wednesday from St. Joseph, Mich., where he spent the summer, and is with Mrs. Jennie Jeffries for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. John Carroll, who are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James T. Layman, will leave the last of the week for New York, where they will spend the winter.

Miss June Hecker, of Miamisburg, O., will arrive on Tuesday to spend the winter with Mrs. Edward Hecker on Butler avenue. She will attend the Classical School.

Miss Mary Calkins, who has been spending the summer with her brother, Mr. Thomas Iden, at Emporia, Kan., has returned and is the guest of Mrs. Joel Moorman.

The first meeting of the Irvington Shakspeare Coterie will be held next Saturday at the home of Mrs. T. L. Thompson on Washington street. A study of "Hamlet" will be begun.

Mr. Raymond Thrasher, after a summer's wheeling tour through the East, is visiting his sister, Mrs. O. O. Carvin, before returning to Ann Arbor, Mich., where he will attend the University of Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. George Byrd and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Norton and Mrs. Elizabeth Mason will leave to-day for Detroit, Mich., to attend the convention of Knights of Ladies of Honor, which will be held there this week.

Memorial services in honor of President McKinley will be held this afternoon at 4 o'clock at the Downey-avenue Christian Church, conducted by Rev. F. W. Norton and Rev. Scott Hyde. The speakers will be Mr. Eli F. Ritter, Mr. Demarchus C. Brown and Mr. Scot Butler.

Mrs. James T. Layman, assisted by Mrs. Henry Stewart Schell, entertained with an autumn tea Friday afternoon from 4 until 6 o'clock, in honor of her daughter, Mrs. John Wesley Carroll, jr. It was one of the prettiest and largest of the early fall teas, several hundred guests being present. Assisting the hostess in entertaining were Mrs. John Upton Hammond, Mrs. Stuart Dean, Mrs. Clarence Forsyth, Mrs. Kingsbury, Mrs. Dorsey, Miss Maud Carroll, Miss Josephine Smith, Miss Romaine Braden, Miss August Stevenson, Miss Ethel Dorsey, Miss Florence Moore, Miss Essie Hunter and Misses Belle and Katherine Layman. In the evening a card party was given to those who assisted and their friends. The prizes were won by Mrs. Stuart Dean and Mr. Charles Brossman.

West Indianapolis.

Mrs. N. Elliott is visiting friends in Fort Wayne.

Mrs. G. H. Graves has returned from a visit to Chicago.

Mrs. James W. Cooney is visiting relatives in Dublin.

Miss Fern McClure is visiting relatives in Glenns Valley.

Mrs. A. W. Crull is visiting her son Frank, in Cleveland, O.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred McLain are visiting relatives in Morgantown.

Miss Maude Grayson, of Sharpsville, is the guest of Mrs. Ira Shake.

Miss Cora Gibson, of Morgantown, is the guest of Miss Emma Ellison.

Miss Mattie Masse, of Spencer, is the guest of Mrs. H. C. Moderill.

Miss Harriet Phipps, of Valley Mills, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hoss.

Mrs. O. M. Quigley has returned from a visit to relatives in Alexandria.

Miss Laura Fogleman has returned from a visit to friends in Mooresville.

Mrs. Ira Shake has returned from a visit to relatives in Eminence, Ind.

Miss Lizzie Cole, of Morristown, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Crull.

Miss Bessie Overstreet will return to-day from a visit to relatives in Franklin.

Mrs. Lawrence Thompson and mother, Mrs. Goul, are visiting friends in Anderson.

Mrs. Lena Lewis and daughter Crystal, of New York city, are the guests of Mrs. Ramsey.

Mr. L. S. Henderson and family, of Terre Haute, have moved here for permanent residence.

Miss Kate Reagan, who was visiting Mrs. Carrie Snoddy, has returned to her home in Mooresville.

Miss Verna Calvert, of Scottsburg, was the guest of Misses Jennie and Mabel Bruce last week.

Miss Gertrude Sargent, of Lawrence, who was the guest of Miss Edith Wheeler, has returned.

The Misses Effie and Nell Moschell returned Friday from Pittsburg, Pa., where they spent the summer.

Mrs. Fred Lemmer returned, last week, from an extended trip in Tennessee. Accompanying Mrs. Lemmer was Mrs. C. C. Chapman, who will be her guest for some time.

North Indianapolis.

Mrs. Samuel Neall is visiting her brother in Cleveland, O.

Mrs. William McWhirter is visiting her brother, in Sedalia, Mo.

Miss Clara Belle Mont, of Garrett, Ind., is the guest of Mrs. C. P. Houser.

Miss Myrtle Darling has returned from a visit to relatives and friends in Lebanon.

Mrs. Meade Pierson, of Seymour, is the guest of of her sister, Mrs. Terwillegar.

Miss Mamie Crist has returned from a week's visit to friends in Dayton, O.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cobb have returned from a visit to relatives in Cincinnati.

Mr. and Mrs. George Brannon are visiting friends and relatives in Woodlawn, O.

Miss Vina Kennedy and Mr. and Mrs. Yaryan are visiting relatives in Otto, Ind.

Miss Gay Johnson, of Lebanon, who was visiting Mrs. James Pease, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. William Patterson have returned from several months' visit in Cincinnati.

Mrs. Omer Campbell has returned from Bellefontaine, O., where she visited her parents.

The Ladies' Aid Society of St. Paul's M. E. Church met Wednesday afternoon in the church parlors.

Mrs. John Murphy and children have returned from a two weeks' visit with relatives in Elwood.

Mr. Carl A. Gunder, Miss Nellie Gunder and Miss Anna Moffitt are spending several weeks in Buffalo.

Mrs. Benjamin Clark and mother, Mrs. Eunice Trester, left, last week, for Petoskey, Mich., for a four weeks' stay.

Mrs. O. D. Cosler gave a tea party Tuesday afternoon for her daughter Ruth's birthday. The rooms were tastefully decorated for the occasion. About fifty guests were invited.

MODERN FABLES BY GEORGE ADE

The Modern Fable of the Pilgrim Who Wanted To Keep Cases on Man's Advancement

One Year all the Peoples of the Western Hemisphere chipped in on a Grand Exposition. The Purpose of the Show was to assemble, inside the Fence, the Marvels of Art, Architecture, Manufactures, Machinery and Agriculture. All the Ten-Strikes of the New World were to be bunched on one Lot so that a 50-cent Ticket would call for a Liberal Education.

The Heavy Editorial Writers, who pull the Levers of the Universe, indorsed the Enterprise. They said it would be Great Stuff for the Sister Republics to meet in Friendly Competition close by the Waters of the Unsalted Seas and within sound of the Roar of Niagara. They wanted People to understand that they knew where Buffalo was.

The Managers of the Fair sent far and near for whiskered Men with dreamy Eyes and big Cravats to Sculp and Paint and figure out Color Schemes. The General Instructions were to make Chicago look like a bedraggled Side-Show.

The Citizens dug up freely and the Committees worked all Night on the Plans, for it was determined that this Exposition should mark an Epoch. The Landscape Gardener took liberties with the Face of Nature and the Electrician put in more than 1,000,000,000 Incandescent Lamps with which to dazzle the Folks from Pottsville and Battle Creek.

All kinds of instructive Exhibits from Skagway in the North to Patagonia in the South were packed in the cavernous Buildings. Each Article had a neat white Label. It would have taken one Man some seven years to read all the Labels.

Then the Gates were opened; the big Fountain broke loose, and the Band played Patriotic Music. The eager Public, which was waiting to study all these Evidences of Occidental Progress, was invited to flock in and partake of the Intellectual and Aesthetic Spread.

Magazine Authors and Special Writers came and looked at the Spectacle and immediately began to froth at the Mouth and do Epileptic Flip-flops. They opened up new boxes of Adjectives and got out their Exclamation Points and Boosted for all they were worth. So every one who could Beg, Borrow or Finance the Price was dead anxious to see the Pan-American.

In a Town somewhat removed from the Site of the Big Show there lived a Respected Person who had read all about the Preparations. He was in sympathy with the Lofty Purposes of the Convocation. Being a Student of History, he had an Abiding Faith in the Future of the New Republics. As a Son of Freedom he gloried in their Achievements.

In speaking to his Partner, he opined that it was his Duty to run over to Buffalo for a few Days. He said that probably he could get a new Conception of the vast Resources of the Continent.

So he took advantage of an Excursion Rate and followed the Crowd.

As he pushed through the Turnstile he saw a large Sign reading: "Entrance to the Midway." He started for it on a Lope. The Hurdy-Gurdies were playing and the Bally-hoos were barking.

He began to sort out his Dimes and said he would see the whole blamed Contraption from the Eskimo Settlement to the Hoochee-Koochee Theater.

The first Day he looked at the Pictures, tackled the Panopticon, saw the Mexican Bull-Fight and visited the Glass Blowers. Later on, he killed a couple of Hours at a Booth where a tall Brunette smiled sadly every time she sat out a Soft Drink. The Visitor told her that he was from Cleveland and had come over on his Yacht.

That Night he rode up on the giant See-Saw to get a look at the Illuminations, and Looped the Loop and listened to a Rag-Time Orchestra. When Midnight came it seemed a Shame to turn in.

Next day, after fraternizing with the Natives of the Cannibal Village, going through the upside-down House and the Gallery of Freaks, also having his Fortune told in the Gypsy Camp, he went in to see the Wild Animals tear up the Raw Meat. On coming out, he fell in with a Sporty Boy from Hawaii and took him to see the War Cyclorama.

That evening he found a Place where the Red Hots were real Imported. He bought a Walter, Body and Soul. The Band jumped on to a lot of German Waltz Music and choked it to death. The Student of History sat there with his Feet in the Gravel and his right Hand connected with a cold Stein. If he had felt any more Buoyant he would have gone up through the Trees like a Toy Balloon.

Next Day he had to get a Move on himself, as his Time was limited. He visited the Ostrich Farm, joshed the Filipinos, asked foolish questions of the Japs, rode a Camel, took in the Indian War Dance and the Infant Incubator, lost his Hat on the Scenic Railway and drank about a Gallon of York State Cider.

As he was leaving the Grounds, he noticed a number of gigantic Structures to the East.

"What is there over in that Direction?" he asked of a Guard.

"The Electricity Building, the Machinery and Transportation Building, the Horticulture Building, Temple of Music, Mines Building, Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, the Agriculture Building, the Stadium and many other instructive Departments," was the Reply.

"I am sorry that I could not get around to them," said the visitor. "However, I will buy a Catalogue."

When he arrived Home his Acquaintances gathered around and asked, "Well, how about it?"

He said: "Boys, it is an Object Lesson that no thoughtful Patriot can afford to overlook. And those Wiener Wursts were the best I ever struck."

Moral—Some forms of Education can be made very Attractive.

PROGRESS IN CHURCH MUSIC.

Prejudice Against the First Organ Used in Boston.

International Monthly.

The prejudice against the organ died very hard in New England. The first organ in Boston, offered to the Brattle-square Church, in 1713, was unanimously and curtly declined by that organization, and its setting up in Ging's Chapel (Church of England) was attended by about as much agitation as the introduction of the wooden horse into Troy. As late as 1790 a wealthy parishioner of the first-named church pleaded for permission to throw an organ, which the society had finally bought, into Boston harbor, promising full reimbursement for the loss of the instrument. Park-street Church, long after this time, still clung to violoncello in preference to organ. Why the Puritans should have looked upon the violoncello as a godly instrument and shunned the organ or the violin as heterodox will probably never be satisfactorily explained, but the results are evident in the frequent leading of a congregation or a choir of to-day with a single nonharmonic instrument. The violin, from which the ban has now been removed, the cornet and often a lusty-voiced percentor leads the mass of singers as the bellwether leads his flock.

The question of what the ideal musical church service should be is not to be answered offhand, but surely some points of guidance may be gathered from the historical facts already cited. In the first place the musical church service of the future should free itself from all fetters of prejudice and admit every form of musical art that has been used successfully by any denomination whatever. The boy choir should not be suffered to be a matter of creed, nor the orchestra to remain almost entirely a Catholic institution, so far as the church service is concerned. An elective system of church music should be evolved, in which every element above described might be free to enter in, according to the exigencies of the occasion, and limited only by the size of the edifice, of the congregation or of its purse. Naturally, the Catholic mass, as a whole, could not enter the Protestant Church, for it is fitted closely to its own ritual, but certain of its chief numbers could be employed, if given a good English paraphrase. The mighty choral should be assiduously cultivated. If every service contained at least one broad chorus of the dignified character of "St. Ann's" it would be a good corrective for much of the jingly music that obtains in the United States. But in the matter of choral work the organist would be an important factor for good or for evil. The choral should be "given out" upon the organ a trifle faster than it is intended to be sung, for every congregation in Christendom sags a little from the given tempo. The organist should make a slight hold, or fermata, upon the last note of each phrase, for in a large congregation the stragglers need to be brought home as often as each phrase.

America has in recent years made giant strides in general music. The contemptuous saying of sixty years ago, "Who reads an American book?" could have been applied with tenfold force to the hearing of an American composition. To-day we have great composers, even in the largest forms of composition, large symphony orchestras, renowned string quartets, operatic performances equal to the best that Europe can hear. It is possible that it is reserved for our country to break the fetters in which church music has been so long confined. It is not beyond the bounds of probability that the American churches may yet establish a musical service that shall contain within itself the best artistic results that the ages have brought forth in every church and every nation.

"But," asks the timid Christian, "would not such a service be very like a concert?" In a certain sense, yes. Nevertheless, a Handel oratorio and a Bach "Passion Music" is also like a concert, though infinitely and deeply religious. The miscellaneous concert and the secular jingles should alike be denied entrance within the walls of the sanctuary, but every phase of the different schools described in this article has but one purpose—to lift the heart to God.